

•with disgust. I recur to the feelings in the indulgence of which I can alone find happiness, and from which an inexorable destiny seems resolved to shut me out.¹

* I wander in pursuit of health,' he wrote in another letter, 'like the immortal exile in pursuit of that lost shore, which is now almost glittering in my sight. Five years of my life have been already wasted, and sometimes I think *my* pilgrimage may be as long as that of Ulysses. Their 'yacht,' he told Austen, was 'the only mode of travel for this sea, where every headland and bay is the site of something memorable, and which, is studded with islands that demand a visit.

To Isaac D'IsraeU.

"We sailed from Prevesa through the remaining Ionian islands, among which was Zante, pre-eminent in beauty; indeed, they say none of the Cyclades is to be compared to it, with, its olive trees touching the waves and its shores undulating in every possible variety. For about a fortnight we were for ever sailing on a summer sea, always within two or three miles of the coast, and touching at every island or harbour that invited. A cloudless sky, a summer atmosphere, and sunsets like the neck of a dove, completed all the enjoyment which I anticipated from roving in a Grecian sea. We were, however, obliged to keep a sharp look-out for pirates, who are all about again. We exercised the crew every day with muskets, and their increasing prowess and our pistol exercise kept up our courage.²

They spent a week at Navarino, 'the scene of Codrington's bloody blunder, a superb, perhaps unrivalled harbour, with the celebrated Sphacteria on one side and old Pylus on the other. Here we found the French in their glory. They have already covered the scene of Spartan suffering with cafes and billiard rooms and make daily picnics to the grotto of Nestor.' From Napoli, where they also lingered, the travellers made excursions to Corinth, Argos, and Mycenae; and finally, on Nov. 24, they cast anchor in the Piraeus.

i *Letters*, p. 47.

2 *md.*, p. 48.

